not absolute reversals of previously expressed opinions, have certainly indicated widely varying interpretations of the same principle. It is, therefore, not outside the range of probability that the decision expected to-morrow may be a surprise. There is such a delicious air of solemn mystery about every step in the procedures of the Supreme Court that it is almost a profanation to guess as to who will render the decision. Some of the members of the court appear to have their specialties, judging from the similarity of the nature of the cases on which they write the decisions. Thus, Justice Brown is usually assigned to write the opinions in admiralty cases, and it is probable, since his assignment to the New York circuit, made vacant by Justice Blatchford's death, that patent cases will also be hereafter given to him. Justice White, having been for many years a Judge of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, naturally takes charge of all cases involving jura based on the code Napoleon; Justice Field writes the opinions on cases involving land and mining laws, and every case which requires a careful research into laws and compacts of colonial days is assigned to him. Justice Gray's forte is constitutional law and criminal jurisprudence. Justice Brewer seems especially equipped for realestate cases. Justice Jackson has written so many decisions affecting railroads and corporations that it is probable he would have wriften the decision in this case but for the fact that he was ill at the time it was argued, and therefore cannot take part in the proceedings.

SENATE PROGRAMME.

Democrats May Force Night Sessions

for the Tariff Debate. WASHINGTON, April 29.-The course which the tariff debate may take in the Senate this week will depend entirely upon developments from day to day. The agreement for the limitation of debate on the tariff to certain hours of each day has expired, and the Republicans have shown no disposition to renew it. The Democrats have been successful in the advance of the hour for the meeting from 12 to 11 o'clock, but they only get the bill up each day after the disposal of the routine morning business by a yea and nay vote, and are making progress by elbowing themselves along. They have not yet decided whether they will attempt to extend the debate until a later hour each day than has yet been observed. Their programme in this respect will depend upon the progress that may be made with the compromise now in hand. The feeling is general on the Democratic side that if they get a bill that commands the support of the entire Democratic side of the chamber the Republican antagonism will weaken; that the opposition will be content to make earnest protest, but without any effort to prolong the final vote beyond the time necessary to discuss the various schedules in a businesslike manner, and that night sessions may not be resorted to. Senator Harris said to-day that he thought if the Republicans once became convinced that there was no prospect of opposition to the bill among Democrats they would yield gracefully to the inevitable, and allow the bill to pass after expressing their reasons for their antagonism. "If we succeed in reaching that state," he said, "and Republican Senators take this view of the matter and conduct themselves accordingly, it will not be the policy of the Democratic management of the bill to impose any unusual hardships on Senators." He declined to say what course would be adopted in case the developments should not be as satisfactory as he hoped, because he would in that event have to consult with other members of the Democratic steering committee as to the course to be pursued, but it is known from previous utterances of his that his policy in case the opposition should continue obdurate, whether the Democrats perfect their agreement or not, would be to extend the hours of the daily sessions, compel the Republicans to consume all the time devoted to speeches, and force the bill along as rapidly as possible in the face of opposition. It is even possible that if the Republicans do not indicate a willingness to confine themselves to what is called legitimate discussion, night sessions may be very suddenly precipitated, as the Democratic leaders feel the early disposal of the bill to be of the utmost importance. The Republicans have not yet given up the hope of a schism in the Democratic ranks, and they will announce no policy different from that which they have been pursuing until it is made manifest that all the Democratic Senators have united upon a bill. If such unison is not shown, they will continue the present tactics, with probably more frequent roll calls and a more decided protest against long hours than have yet occurred. They have not decided upon a course in case of a Democratic agreement, but there are some indications that if one is reached the opposition will not be so stubborn, as it is realized that it would in that event be futile in the end. They are unquestionably counting considerably upon the absence of Senator Hill at this time, and the fact that he could not have been fully advised of the compromise under consideration. They evidently think it probable that it would not meet his expectations; if it should not, they hope for further disaffection in the party. There are few set speeches in prospect for this week. Senator Aldrich will probably speak during the week, and Senators Squire and Kyle may also ask for time to deliver short speeches. The continuation of the speeches of Sena-

upon as occasion may require. NO DEBATE ON COXEY.

tors Quay and Dolph may also be counted

Democrats Don't Want to Talk About the Commonweal.

WASHINGTON, April 29.-The House will continue work on the appropriation bills this week. The Republicans developed an obstructive policy during consideration of the diplomatic and consular bill, which was completed last Thursday, consuming an entire week by means of unimportant amendments to unimportant items. The Democrats fear that this policy is to be continued in furtherance of a well-settled programme to delay the passage of the regular appropriation bills. Should it be developed during the coming week that such is the fact a special order may be necessary to expedite matters. After the completion of the army bill, the consideration of which was begun yesterday, it is probable Mr. Dockery will be allowed to bring forward his bill reported from the joint committee on expenditures in the departments to reorganize the system of accounting in the Treasury Department, which is designed to reduce expenditures in the departments \$180,000. It is necessary that the bill should be disposed of before the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill, now in process of completion by the appropriations committee, is framed, as the changes it makes in existing law must be incorporated in that bill. As soon as it is out of the way the river and harbor bill will be called up. In case the Republicans persist in an obstructive programme an attempt will be made to pass it a week from to-morrow under suspension of the rules. The managers of the House are very

much in earnest in their determination not to permit any resolution bearing on the Coxey movement to get into the arena of debate. They do not believe this subject should be agitated. It is contended that the subject can by no possibility of construction be considered privileged, and any request for unanimous consent for consideration will be promptly objected to. The only way in which the subject can be discussed in the House is under cover of debate on one of the pending appropriation bills, and such discussion can only eventuate in talk.

Mr Heath at Washington. Special to the Indianapolis Journal,

WASHINGTON, April 29.-Perry S. Heath, the new manager of the Cincinanti Commercial Gazette, is in the city with his wife, packing up their household goods for removal to Cincinnati. Mr. Heath leaves on Tuesday for New York, whence he returns directly to Cincinanti.

Why the Farmers ! Orchards Fail,

Colman's Rural World. Profitable fruit growing depends upon precisely the same principles of plant growth as does that of other crops. The natural needs of all plants must be supplied by food of the right kind, or weakness, provocative of disease, must follow. the needs of an orchard must be supplied as well as those of the fields or garden. This is, however, a rare thing to be done. The trees are planted and left to get what living they can, and it is "root hog or die," and mostly die with them. This is the reason why so many starving and dying orchards are seen, Consider the apple tree, how it feeds. The fruit contains in its ash 36 per cent. of potash, 26 of soda, 4 of lime, 14 of phosphorie acid and 6 of sulphuric acid. The pear contains one-half more potash and one-fourth more phosphoric acid, What farmer who is just now planting trees takes note of this need of them? And when he sees the trees dying prematurely, or yielding no fruit, he wonders why it is. But he does not think of the roots occupying only a small part of the soil, and that mostly the subsoil, where the plant food is very scarce, vainly seeking food and unable to supply the demand of the trees. He procures fertilizers for his wheat and grass, but never for the orchard. Hence the general woebegone ap-

scarcity of fruit

Congressman Cooper's Enemies Showing Their Strength.

Sensational Rebellion by the Upper Classmen of Hanover College -Girls Suspended.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

COLUMBUS, Ind., April 29.-There is trouble ahead in this city for Congressman Cooper, and each day it is more plainly developing. Saturday night an effort was made by the local politicians here to have a rally and industrial parade and public speaking. The industrial parade was, however, abandoned by the leaders, and two hundred persons assembled at the courthouse, many of whom were Republicans, and listened to short addresses by local speakers, who begged piteously that Democrats stand together. Congressman Cooper's brother was master of ceremonies, but he did not call on Hon. P. H. McCormack

for an address, but introduced "Billy" Everroad, McCormack's opponent for joint Senator. Hon. P. H. McCormack and attorney Wilson S. Sweengle, some time ago, declared in favor of a protective tariff. This is assigned as the reason Cooper does not want these men recognized. Mr. Sweengle is, however, a delegate to the coming congressional convention, and will not sup-

port Cooper. Good Republican Signs.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. PERU, Ind., April 29.-There never was a time in the history of this rock-ribbed Democratic county of Miami when Republican enthusiasm and excitement ran so rampant as that at the nominating convention yesterday for county offices. Oldtimers declared that it reminded them of the days of the war. There were candidates galore, and the ticket placed in the field makes victory certain this coming November. The convention was presided over by the Hon. R. J. Loveland, late candidate for Attorney-general, assisted by W. F. Daly as vice chairman. The followwere nominated: Representative, Truman Grimes; commissioners, Lewis Bond and David Stitt; prosecuting attorney, W. C. Baily; recorder, J. O. Frame; auditor, M. Bappert; clerk. John Ward; treasurer, Emmett Charters; sheriff, Clay Woods; coroner, Dr. Blue.

HANOVER COLLEGE SENSATION.

Young Women Suspended for Dancing and Male Students Rebel.

Madison Special in Louisville Courier-Journal, April 29. The students of Hanover College are in another turmoil. Scarcely had the sensation of the Morse-Scarff breach-of-promise suit begun to abate than a diminutive panic broke out, and the students are in open rebellion. Yesterday afternoon it leaked out that the college faculty had held a meeting Thursday night, and, as a result of its deliberations, Miss Helen McElrath, of Carrollton, Ky., a member of the senior class, and Miss Malcolm Connor, of the junior class, were suspended from the college until June, and that two other fair students were to receive a public reprimand on Friday morning. The students rebelled at this. A meeting at one of the old fraternity halls was called. Several of the college orators were there, and their speeches aroused the students to the proper pitch, and a petition was drawn up demanding the immeliate reinstatement of Misses McElrath and Connor, and further demanding that the other young women be saved the humiliation of a public reprimand. The petitioners went on to say that unless the faculty accede to their demands all of them, sixty-five in number, would sever their connection with

the institution, and would finish their education elsewhere. Just what the faculty will do has not been determined. Mr. McElrath, father of one of the young women, who is a Carrollton lawyer, is now at the village trying to fix things up. The students have sent for the trustees of the college, quite a number of whom arrived to-day. The cause of all the trouble is a dance. Not long since the faculty forbid dancing in any of the fraternity halls, and, to get around this rule, the students went to Rope Walk, a famous dancing hall several miles from the college, where they danced last Saturday until midnight. The faculty was indignant and took prompt action. Young Paul Scarff, of Burlington, Ia., who was sued for breach of promise by Miss Gertrude Morse, a daughter of a faculty member, was expelled. He went to the dance with Miss McElrath. The most startling circumstances of the whole affair was President Fisher's peremptory command that Misses McElrath and Connor leave the town. President Fisher says that he will not revoke the order, even if all the students leave and the college has to close.

Mishap to a Theater Party.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. FARMLAND, Ind., April 29.-Randolph county was visited by one of the hardest storms last night that has been seen for several years. Farmers report a great amount of fruit trees blown down, some being pulled out by the roots. Several buildings were completely demolished. During the storm hail as large as marbles fell. Several parties from this place attending the theater at Winchester were caught in the storm and their carriage blown from a bridge, but all escaped with slight bruises.

Fort Wayne Gas Plant Sold.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. FORT WAYNE, Ind., April 29.-Last night the deal was closed selling the Fort Wayne Artificial Gas-light Company to General Thomas, who is the partner of Calvin Brice. The Brice syndicate now owns most of the Fort Wayne Natural-gas plant, and it is not denied that the intention is to consolidate the two concerns at once. The selling price is said to have been 89 cents on the dollar of the capital stock. The Artificial Gas Company has not declared a dividend for some time, as the natural-gas people have cut greatly into their business.

A Ewe Dropped Four Lambs. Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

FAIRMOUNT, Ind., April 29.-What is regarded as an unheard of prolific Shopshire ewe is owned by S. C. Wilson. a stock breeder here. On Thursday the ewe "dropped" four fine lambs, and when seen yesterday, two days old, they were all in fine condition and "following the

Cleaning Dress Goods.

To wash slate-colored, gray, drab or tancolered woolen materials, use strong tea. to which add sufficient boiling water to make four gallons; strain the liquid; when lukewarm, break two eggs into it; when washed, let the material drip dry, and iron. For blue material add a handful of salt, and for green a teacupful of vinegar. Coffee used in the same way cleans brown materials nicely. Ammonia is valuable for all dark-colored materials, but not for those of lavender, violet or French gray. One of the best renovators for silks consists of a tablespoonful of vinegar to one of water, with a few drops of ammonia, and applied with a sponge. Among other recipes for renewing old black silk are sponging with one part of beer and two parts of water; also, a preparation made by steeping an old black glove in vinegar till the kid is reduced to a soft pulp; then, adding a little water, sponge on both sides. For sponging black silks a piece of old black cashmere should be used; and for sponging colored silks a piece of white cashmere, or some of the same color. If cotton is used to cover the table on which they are ironed, it will leave white fluff all over the material. Old silks of any color can be cleaned with alcohol. Pour a pint of boiling water on a tablespoonful of whisky or gin; when cool, sponge with the liquid. Some clean white or very light colored silks by rub-

bing with slightly moistened Indian meal. Both sides of the silk should thus be treated, the material being laid flat on a clean blanket. Ironing seems to take the goodness out of either black or colored silks. When a silk has been sponged, roli it, each breadth separately, on a thick roll formed of newspapers, and cover with a thick towel. This process answers the purpose of pressing. Sateens, cambries, zephyrs, etc., of the most delicate colors may be washed as follows: Shave half a pound of soap into a gallon of boiling water; when melted, turn into a washing-tub of lukewarm water. Stir a quart of bran into another tub of lukewarm water, and have ready a third tub with cold water. Put the dress into the first tub of water, rub gently, then squeeze it out; treat it in the same way in the tub of bran water; rinse in the clean tub; dry; then dip in starch made the same as for shirts. Dry again, rinse in clear water, then dry again. Sprinkle for ironing, and roll it up in a thick cloth for ironing. Use the irons as hot as possible.

Light-colored dresses can be washed in

FIGHT AT COLUMBUS by grating four or five raw potatoes into a gallon of warm water; the second by soaking a quart of bran in a gallon of water, then straining the liquid. If the colors run, a little sugar of lead dissolved in the water will set them. Gray, blue and buff linen dresses may be preserved from spotting by an ounce of black pepper being dissolved in the first water in which they are washed. Black and white prints wash well in bran water to which a few drops of ox gall has been added. The use of either bran or potato water prevents the necessity for starching. They should be ironed on the wrong side, and with irons as cool as possible.

For setting greens and blues, use alum water in the proportion of one ounce to a tub of cold soft water. The blue color of cottons is fixed by green ivy leaves, bran and soap boiled together. Sugar of lead is excellent for fixing any color or black. The articles should be soaked for several hours, then wrung out and carefully rinsed, as the sugar of lead is poison. Black thread stockings should be washed in ox gall, then rinsed in vinegar and water. An ounce of Epsom salts in a gallon of water is also good for the same purpose. Salt is also a valuable rinse, in the proportion of a handful to three gallons of water.

BARRIE, THE AUTHOR.

His Home and Life at Kirriemuir, Which Is the Real Name of "Thrums."

Alice Livingston, in Boston Transcript. There were "two birds to kill with one stone"-business as well as pleasure, for it would be pleasant to go to "Kirrie," known to the English and American public through the writings of its famous son, as "Thrums." And it would be businesslike as well as agreeable to "interview" Mr. J. M. Barrie, who was to be at his home for Easter tide. Kirriemuir it is really, but no one speaks of the place, except with its diminutive "Kirrie." Now, Mr. Barrie has persistently and consistently refused to be interviewed. But one could but hope that, when attacked upon his native heath, and when the interviewer went armed with the presence of a personal friend of his own, he might relent. And so the event proved. From the railway station at Forfar, as we looked across the green plain of Strathmore, the smoke from factory chimneys rose like mist between our eyes and the blue hills lying to the northward, telling us where stood the manufactories of that brown linen, for which the place was famous in its little way before Mr. Barrie bestowed upon it its crown of glory. In the little railway book stall at Forfar we saw the counter covered with Mr. Barrie's novels-we were sure it would not have occurred to the proprietor that any well-regulated traveler could have requiad a work by another author-and his portrait, in a wide gilt frame, stared us in the face. The news vender, an old, good-natured-looking Scotchman, smiled as he saw our eyes directed towards the picture. "Did you ever see our goung man?" he asked, with all the pride of possession. "Yes, ye have spoken wi' him? Eh, we're verra proud 'o him in these parts. I ken weel the day when he was a bit laddie, runin' o'er the country side, an' askin' everybody strange questions. We little thocht what he'd come to, then, or may be we should have been more ceevil to the little fellow." . . Nowadays Mr. Barrie has a charming study in the "parlour" on the ground floor

at Strathview. The windows frame a wide sweep of sky and curve of hill. One side of the room, from floor to ceiling, is covered with books. There are quantities of autographed photographs, prominent among which are Mr. and Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson's, George Meredith's and Mrs. Oliphant's, all great friends of the young author. Over the small desk hangs a fine etching, and on the desk itself lies the favorite pipe of which we read so much in "My Lady Nicotine." The Arcadia mixture is near at hand, we judge, from the agreeable flavor which greets us as the door is opened by Mr. Barrie himself. He has just left a MS. on which the ink is still wet. We long to look at it, just a glance, but politeness forbids our eyes to roam in that direction, and we look at Mr. Barrie instead. Then we forget the MS. I had seen him once before, at Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's, but had not ever heard the sound of his voice, and now, as he is in his own house, he does not permit himself to give way to the shyness which is usually at once his protection and his misfortune. Despite his thirty-four years, he is very boyish looking. His figure 's slight and small, his nobly shaped head almost too large for his body, his face pale, thin, sensitive, and his shining gray eyes fine enough to render a plainer face strikingly attractive. His keen sense of humor one sees in the lines of his mouth and his peculiar "twinkling" smile. Looking into his eyes, we can but remember the old bookseller's explanation of a great part of his success: "He's such a terrible kindly sort o' creetur." It is hard to make Mr. Barrie talk about himself or even his work, but when we have accomplished the feat of launching him on the tide the rest is comparatively simple, especially as he does not quite realize that he is being "interviewed." 'No," he says, in answer to a question, "I wasn't one of those youngsters who begins at the early age of five years to put down his ideas of life on odd bits of paper. think I must have been the laziest little dog that ever lived. I hated school, felt aggrieved at the end of a day if, in splte of myself, I had learned anything; and, indeed, I scarcely opened my books except to draw pictures on the fly-leaves. I really was fond of drawing, though not because I had a genius for it. I did caricatures of the schoolmaster and the boys, or tried to get portraits from memory of the girls I was in love with. There was always some girl. A growing boy can't live without ideals—especially a country boy, who has plenty of time to think. I was educated, as said, in spite of myself (for ideas would soak in), partly at Kirrlemuir and partly at Dumfries. At Dumfries I often saw Carlyle, and conceived an extraordinary, awe-struck admiration for the man, with his sad old face. I think my first real taste for reading came to me from his books. I bought his works when I had the money, borrowed them when I hadn't, and their influence upon me was very marked. I should not have been the same man without them. The first writing I did? Well, I believe it was a series of articles done for a paper which was got up by my school-fellows. We called the paper the Clown, and my stuff was 'The Reckollections of a Schoolmaster.' I began it, I remember, 'When you read the following articles ! think I hear yoo exklaim, Who is this grate litterary genius appearing before our eyes and takin' our hearts by storm?" I was much fonder of taking part in amateur theatricals, when I was very young than anything else. But that was before I got self-conscious enough to be shy. I gave it up very early and took to playwriting instead, in spite of my older brother's adanything worth doing.

vice, for he thought I was wasting my time, and would never succeed in doing wasn't until after I was eighteen and had entered Edinburgh University that I began to quiet down and have serious, personal views of life. They had all been vague and impersonal at first. Another Kirrlemuir man, W. R. Lawson, was editing the Edinburgh Courant, and I wrote for the paper a little. In 1882 I graduated, and a year later I was in full swing, in a humble way, as journalist, writing leaders on the staff of the Nottingham Journal. I wrote some of my Nottingham experiences into 'When a Man's Single,' just as Edinburgh life gave me material for 'An Edinburgh Eleven.' I never could, and can't now, write with any pleasure to myself or the world at large about things which have not been absolutely intertwined with my own life. While I was in Nottingham, with fear and trembling, I sent my first article to a London paper. To my joy it was accepted by Mr. Stead, then on the Pall Mall Gazette. It was all about 'Penny Dreadfuls,' and how they were written. Mr. Greenwood took my first 'Auld Licht' article, which is the reason I dedicated to him the book that grew out of it later. I wrote to him, asking his advice whether I should risk giving up my Nottingham work and go to London, but he thought I should be rash in making such an experiment. I was awfully discouraged by what he said, though it was extremely kind, but in 1885 something inside me seemed to push me to London. I had to go, and my pluck, or whatever you may call it, was rewarded by my getting something to do on the St. James Gazette. I began to know a lot of theatrical folk and got fascinated with them. I made up my mind that by and by I must write | downy chaps sit in their nest and snore a play. 'My Lady Nicotine' I wrote for the St. James Gazette, a series of articles." "We all thought," I ventured, "to see you married and settled by this time, Mr. Barrie, judging from the report last year." There was no truth in that report," he answered. "I believe they actually had me married, did they not?-that wonderful 'they,' for which there has never been any other name. But there was no such luck for me, unfortunately. However, I fully intend marrying some day, if only to have the convenience of using my wife's hairpins to clean out my pipes. You do think she would let me do that, don't you, if I kept her in pin money? But I must try to ascertain her disposition on that point before committing

myself irretrievably "I suppose you have a lot of work on hand?" inquired our mutual friend .. "Yes. And it's all due long ago, unhappliy. I rashly promise things, but in writing I can never confine myself to dates. I never remember that peculiarity of mine until it's too late and I've offended somebody." He glanced at his MS. on the desk. we thought it only humane to retire and give him an opportunity of retrieving potato or bran water; the first is made | himself.

THINGS ABOUT OWLS

THEY ARE CRAFTY BIRDS. THE WIS-EST OF THE FEATHERED TRIBE.

Shrewder Than the Ground Hog and Many Display Characteristics That Are Distinctly Human.

New York Herald.

Minerva was a wise goddess when she chose the owl bird for a private secretary. It knows better than any other winged creature how to keep its mouth shut. It understands when to "whit" and when to "whoo." It has a world of its own. Midnight is its dinner hour and daybreak its bedtime. There is a sort of diablerie of thought about the bird-an uncanny look in its round, staring eyes that suggests goblins and graveyards and witchcraft. This is simply the palpable wisdom sticking out where everybody can see it. This is why the big owl sits on top of the Herald building. It personifies a lot of things that people throughout the world have become well acquainted with-wisdom, prudence and the power to punish.

Those who talk of the prescience of the blue bird and robin and groundhog in the matter of spring predictions know not whereof they speak. In the language of the turf the groundhog is not "one-twothree" in the race for spring wisdom with the owl. On the first bright day in spring you may hear the dislocated staccato notes of some redbreast actively gathering twigs for a prospective honeymoon. If at the same time you fail to hear the lovemaking night whoop of the owl you may make up your mind that the robin's nest will be full of snow in a few days.

On some occasions the wise old owl will rent the top flat in some hollow tree as early as the middle of February, with the snow lying a foot deep over everything. When this occurs you may rest assured that spring weather will set in early, and that by the time the trees are green the abstruse problem of owl multiplication will

have been well under way.

Owls are the favorite birds of the taxidermists, as well as of Minerva. They are ignobly and incessantly filled with sawdust by every disciple of stuffology in the land. They are furnished with abnormal yellow eyes and are placed in unnatural at-titudes to glare at passers by. It would be a wise owl that could recognize its own effigy in the window of the average bird

According to those who ought to know this is a great owl country. There are big owis, little owls, horned owls and hornless owls, owls that whoop and owls that whistle, and, in short, every kind of owl that one could wish for.

Away up in Maine among the snow burdened cedars lives the hawk owl. He is a slim, brownish black little chap, full of confidence and claws. His specialty is ptarmigan and grouse, and there are but few days in the year when they do not figure in his menu. Although he is the dude of his tribe he can fight like a pugilist. His breast is barred with brown and white and his facial disks are of mottled gray. He keeps up the reputation of the family for wisdom. Sometimes a party of hunters plodding through the snow may observe his owlship flying along at a safe distance in the rear, waiting for the escape of some wounded bird. It can hunt by day as well as night, and will hover around camp fires for hours. Many is the bonne bouche it purloins from the camp larder.

GREAT SNOWY OWL. Another resident of the extreme north is the great snowy owl. You have seen them in taxidermists' windows, sitting white and solemn on a dead branch, with staring yellow eyes, a gray mottled back and feather hidden claws. This owl is only a winter visitor to the United States, but sometimes during an especially cold snap it is seen as far south as Georgia. It hunts by day as well as night. It probably acquired this habit from necessity, as the polar day is six months long. Its flight is as noiseless as a floating feather or a bit of down. It looks harmless enough, but it can strike with the speed and force of a peregrine falcon, and many is the duck and grouse it takes on the wing. It is said to be especially fond of fish, which it obtains after the manner of a fish hawk. There is probably no bird in the northern regions so heartily cursed by trappers. It knows a good thing when it sees it, and a trap is its especial object of regard. It watches the traps set by the fur hunters, and woe to the animal caught therein. If not too large and fierce the snowy owl will stow it away in short order. It regards a trap as an invention created for its especial enjoyment. Scotia and Labrador. It differs from the night owl of the Bowery and the Tender-

The little night owl is a denizen of Nova loin in the fact that it is not so tough. It is sometimes eaten by the Esquimaux. It is ringed with chocolate brown bands, between which are a series of reddishwhite spots. A band of white across the throat gives it the appearance of wearing a linen collar. It looks almost clerical as it sits upright on a limb, but it is a deceiving little creature and its righteous aspect is a snare. It is a murderer of field mice, and the death of many a hare can be laid at its door. Catch it in your hand and it becomes a feathered buzz saw. Its beak pops like a nut cracker, its claws grab hold of anything that comes their way, and it develops into a picture of outraged dignity.

The Columbian owl, which is a denizen of the great forests of British Columbia, is a serene, comfortable and aldermanic little chan that lives high on those heavy humming night beetles and moths that haunt the copses in the summer time. It is more timid than any of its kind, and less disposed to crack its beak and make bluffs. This may be due to an exc wisdom. It is a remarkably handsome bird. Its head is dotted with vellowishwhite spots, its back is olive brown and its tail is barred with rows of transverse white markings. Its facial discs are brown, and it has pale reddish spots on the wings.

HE KEEPS QUEER COMPANY. Everybody has heard of the burrowing owl, the side partner of the prairie dog and rattlesnake. Throughout the West it is called the prairie owl. Apparently it has less to brag about in the way of wisdom than any of its kind. No bird can be right mentally that will take up its residence with and make a confidential friend of a rattlesnake. Even its animated bill of fare, the prairie dog, marvels at it. On approaching a dog town you can see dozens of these owls blinking on top of the burrows. It has long feet and light yellowishbrown plummage, spotted with white. Its tail is barred with white, and its face, throat and ruff are a light gray. It is not a thing of beauty, because it looks like a sort of albino, or a feathered mistake. On being approached it utters a low chattering sound, not unlike that of a prairie dog, starts and skims swiftly over the plain toward a certain burrow from which it has ousted the lawful occupants. Down it goes into the depths, and you could not get it out with a burglar's jimmy. It is said to feed on field mice and crickets, but there is a suspicion in the minds of old frontiersmen that a timely autopsy would disclose the presence of young and tender prairie dog. In the latter days of August it suddenly disappears. Nobody has ever been able to find out where it goes. The Indians, who

are close observers, aver that it spends the winter in torpor. Those who have traveled through the woody hills of Massachusetts are familiar with the Acadian owl, familiarly known as the "sawwhet." Its love notes bear a startling resemblance to the filing of a large saw. It is a soft, fluffy-looking object, and how it manages to make such harsh notes is a wonder. Many a man while traveling along a country road listening to the lovemaking of these birds has fancied himself in the vicinity of a sawmill. Another peculiarity of the "saw-whet" the snoring notes of its young. The little away for hours with their eyes wide open. It may be that they are only endeavoring to give expression to their hunger. When calling to each other the voice of the "sawwhet" is almost exactly like a bell. Do not ever attempt to locate one of those bell-like notes. You may search for hours without being able to find them. To the right, to the left, to the front and rear, the notes will alternate until the listener is all but crazy. They also vary

from far to near. In a word, the "sawwhet" is a depraved ventriloquist. Everybody familiar with country life has heard the long, quavering scream of the screech owl. For a bird so small and insignificant its voice is tremendous. It has the unpleasant habit of doing the wrong things at the right time. Take your best girl for a walk in the woods in the gloaming and note the result. Just when silence is busily engaged in speaking louder than words, from right overhead there will arise a scream like that of a lost soul. If you have never heard the sound before it is likely that you will do a hundred yards in even time. It is only the love note of the little is left but perforations to tell the screech owl, and is the only way he has story of failure. Very little is required in of expressing tender emotion. If by chance | order to insure the success of the packing ; the May day party.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.- Latest U. S. Gov't Report



ABSOLUTELY PURE

you catch the little fellow in your hand you will find that it can express something else besides emotion. It clatters its beak like small castanets and hisses and bites with great vigor. From its habit of scaring premature gray hairs into people's heads the screech owl is popularly supposed to be a close acquaintance of the devil. It is innocent-looking, however. Its plumage is soft and downy, and mottled brown. Its eyes are large and keen, and its facial disks

a yellowish white. THE BULLY OF HIS TRIBE. Every dog has its day and every wellregulated barn has its owl. At least this pertains to barns in the Eastern States. The barn owl is the bully of its tribe. It has an especial weakness for chickens of the spring variety, and it shows its wisdom in taking up its abode near its prospective larder. It also pays strict attention to mice, squirrels and other small animals. It is never found far in the woods. This owl, when wing broken, becomes a great bully and blowhard. On approach it hisses like a goose, swells out its plumage and blinks its great eyes imposingly, although it is doubtful if it can see to any extent in the daylight. Its plumage is grayish brown on the upper parts, interspersed with yellow-ish red, produced by minute mottling.

The owl that we are most thoroughly acquainted with, whose cries we have heard most frequently in the woods at night, is the barred owl. If its language is translated correctly, it is a very inquisitive bird. Walk out into the woods on a moonlight night and you are sure to be greeted with "Who-who, who-who, who-ar-r-re you?" I you refuse to answer it fills the woods with a sort of horrible laughter. "Whah-ha, whah-ha, ha-a-a-a!" it will cry in derision. The barred owl is a great destroyer of poultry, and is thoroughly hated by the Southern farmers. Its sight is so defective in daylight that it has been known to light upon the backs of cows and horses, probably mistaking them for something feasible Down in Louisiana the "Cajuns" (Acadians) sometimes make gumbo soup of it. They pronounce its flesh palatable, but it is scarcely likely that it will ever figure the menu cards at the Holland, the Waldorf or Delmonico's. Its plumage is a light reddish brown on the upper part, its face brownish white and its tail barred with brownish red streaks. Its abdomen is a yellowish white.

Last and greatest of all is the great horned owl, the bird of Minerva and of the Herald-the feathered emblem of wisdom. You can see it sitting on the corner of the Herald building, its eyes wide open to the news of the day. The vision of the horned owl is as keen as that of a falcon. It is one of the Nimrods of the feathered tribe. and flies like a sailing shadow. It is never at rest. Watch it as it sits on a tree, and you will see its bill snapping as though in anticipation of coming good times. Now and then it utters a shriek like that of a Senator spouting on the silver question; now it bays like a bloodhound on trail of a murderer, or calls for help for some starving person. At such times it keeps its keen eyes in motion, and nothing escapes its vision. Such is the great horned owl, and such is the newspaper whose emblem

IT WOULDN'T WORK.

The Letter and Check Were Not Good Enough to Do the Trick.

After he had read the letter and duly inspected the check he muttered: 'Well, well; that is the strangest request I ever had made to me.' "What's the matter?" asked the stranger. "Do they want you to telegraph that you have received the money?"
"Oh, no; not at all. They know well

enough that I wouldn't do that." "Ask you to acknowledge receipt by first mail? "No. I rather expected them to ask that, but they haven't." "Maybe they would like to have you hold it a week before depositing it. No funds in the bank just now.

"What do they want, then?" "Why, the check is their receipt, and

they ask me to deposit it as soon as pos-"What is there strange about that? What is there strange about it? I guess you don't know me. That check is for \$8 -see?" He showed the stranger the check, and then went down into his trousers pocket and pulled out six pennies, a dime and a nickel. "That's the size of my pile," he went on, "and it's a little bigger to-day than usual. Now, then, under the circumstances, wouldn't you say that a man was wasting time and ink when he asked me to deposit a check as soon as possible' Funny how some men will- Say, you haven't \$8 about you, have you? You have?. Just wait till I indorse the check and— What? You won't cash it? Seen the game played before? Hang me! but that's a squeicher for an ambitious man. I took a week to map out that story and thought it was new. The check looks all right, anyway, and I made it small so's I could work

The Turning Over of Music. Philadelphia Record.

Every one who has ever sung a song or played a piece before friends knows the agony of mind engendered over what ought to be the simple operation of "turning over"—the "doubt, hesitation and pain" (to press Browning into service) which too Indianapolis. commonly accompany this proceeding on the part alike of the player and of the unfortunate individual (hardly less to be pitied) who has kindly volunteered to oblige at the appointed moments. What social tragedies are still to be written on this the moth season begins, else the precaution

topic-what stories of pages turned over many bars before the bottom of the page, of pages not turned over till long after the bottom of the page has been reached, of half a dozen pages turned over in place of one, of the entire music being turned over bodily into the performer's lap-all of these things and more one has seen. Now a London inventor has come to the rescue with what he calls a "music chip," and these woes need be no more. It is an ingenious but simple little contrivance, the main virtue of it residing in the fact that it keeps all the leaves of the music apart, so that the finger may be readily inserted.

Revival of an Old Controversy. New York Christian Advocate.

Rabbi Joseph Silverman, of New York, has, it is said, but one request to present to Christian preachers, namely, to refrain from saying that the Jews crucified Jesus of Nazareth. It was the Romans, not the Jews, who crucified the great Nazarene teacher. We cannot comply with the request of the rabbi. Though in a certain sense it was the Romans who surrendered Him for crucifixion, and whose soldiers were present, it was the Jews who called for Him for the purpose of death, the Jews who rejoiced in it, the Jews who taunted Him in every possible way; it was the Jews who laid the plots and paid the money to Judas. It is rather late in the day for them to deny it. They did it, of course, as St. Peter declares, ignorantly and in unbelief. If they had understood, as St. Paul affirms neither they nor the princes of this world would have crucified the Lord of glory. Either the Jews take the New Testament as a matter of general interest, or they do not. If they do the case is against them. If they do not they can produce no authority bearing upon the subject worthy of a moment's notice.

The Weather and Dress Reform.

Clarissa, in Washington Post. Mrs. Grannis, the dress reformer, wants women to adopt a "rainy day dress." It is of black serge and reaches to just a little below the knees. Mrs. Grannis should remember to readjust the weather also while she is fixing women's clothes. I never saw a day yet that didn't clear up in the most beautiful style if a woman wore her mackintosh, and didn't rain cats and crying babies if she neglected to take it. Of course, it would be the same with a rainy day suit, and imagine what a woman would look like prowling along F street in a gown reaching to "just a little below her knees," while the sun shone in all of its refulgent glory; coming out the next day in a demitrain to wipe up the tons of water that the clouds had unwarningly precipitated. It won't do. Dress reform must be preceded by weather reform.

Packing Away for Summer. New York Ledger.

There are few things among the housekeeper's duties that are as imperfectly understood and about which so much unnecessary fuss is made as the putting away of winter clothing and furs in order to keep them safely and prevent the ravages of moths. Plans innumerable are devised, and chemicals and drugs without limit are recommended, and all the while the industrious destroyer goes on, and when autumn comes

AMUSEMENTS.

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The sensational comedy drama,

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And an excellent company, supporting JULE WALTERS AS HORATIO XERXES BOOTH. SEE the Tramp get Side Tracked; the Great Sun

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Thursday, Friday, Saturday-LITTLE TRIXIE. Wagner Music Festival Night, MONDAY, May 7. Matinee in the Afternoon. Popular Music. John Philip Sousa, Conductor (formerly conductor of the Marine Band, Washington.) SOUSA'S WORLD-RENOWNED CONCERT BAND, 50 Musicians. Grand Chorus of over 400 Singers. Soloists-Emil Fischer, Franceska Guthrie Moyer.

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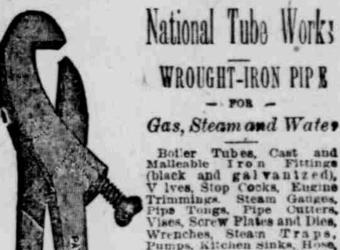
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Lunch from 11 a. m. to 2 p. m., each day-25 cents. ADMISSION-EVENING-25 cents. UNIVERSITY EXTENS ON.

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away, and this little is, in most cases, and the use of close bags of thick paper. Put away early in the season, after a thorough beating and dusting, furs will, ninetynine times out of a hundred, come out in perfect order, but they must be done before

avails but little. In case it is necessary to have them about late in the season, the danger may be removed by dusting them with very dry salt and allowing them to remain a few hours. Unless the salt become damp it does neither fur's nor garments any manner of harm, and is one of the most effectual preservatives. Moths do not like salt, and will not work in garments that are sprinkled with it. When perfectly dry it is unlikely to produce any injurious effect what-

Carpets, rugs, draperies, indeed, everything of the wool or fur nature, may be safely packed in this way. Last year fine rugs and carpets were put into bags made of ticking. Before rolling them up salt was sprinkled through them and shaken into every portion. The bags were then hung up in a dry attic, and when they were unpacked in November they were in the most perfect order. It is unnecessary and wasteful-this destruction for moths-about which so much is said. when 10 cents' worth of salt is sufficient to insure the safety of all of the wool mater-

How She Said Yes. Yorkshire Post.

ials in an ordinary-sized house.

A Lancashire lady has been relating & rather pretty story about a factory girl's

way of answering a marriage proposal made to her. The young woman could not write or read writing, and one day, says the lady, she brought a letter to me to read it to her. It contained an offer of marriage. I happened to know that the writer was a deserving young artisan, so I said to her: "Now, you must consider this matter very seriously, and if you like to come to me when you have made up your mind, I will write a reply for you." A day or two afterwards I met the girl again, and asked her if she wanted me to answer the letter for her. "Oh, that is all right," said the girl, looking radiant and pleased. "I've settled it; I answered it myself." "Why, how did you do it?" I asked. And then she told me that she could make a capital "I," and that she stuck on the paper a piece of wool after it for "wull"-"I wool." Surely one of the quaintest acceptances of an offer of marriage ever penned.

Revised Version.

Harper's Magazine. It happened in Sunday school. The subject under discussion was Solomon and his wisdom. A little girl was asked to tell the story of Solomon and the women who disputed the possession of a child. She timidly rose up and answered: "Solomon was a very wise man. One day two women went to him quarreling about a baby. One woman said: 'This is my child,' and the other woman said. 'No, this is my child,' but Solomon spoke up and said: 'No, no, ladies, do not quarrel Give me

my sword and I will make twins of him, so each of you can have one.' Free Kindergarten Meeting. A meeting of the sixth section of the Free Kindergarten Society is called for 10:30 o'clock to-morrow morning, at the residence of Mrs. J. H. Baldwin, 385 North Pennsylvania street, to complete arrangements for